

A YANKEE IN GRAY

By CHARLES B. LEWIS (M. QUAD).

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CHAPTER I.

The day and date is the 21st of July, 1861.

The scene is the battleground of first Bull Run, a field made memorable forever.

From daybreak to high noon the Federal army under McDowell has been moving down on the Confederate position selected weeks ago by the generals old in the strategy of war. On the flanks brigades have grappled in the open fields, regiments have dashed at each other in the forests and thickets. Here a little ground has been gained, there a little lost. It has been the skirmishing which precedes every battle, locating the enemy, testing his readiness, drawing his strength and uncovering his designs. The hour is high noon. The Confederate front has been pressed back, the left wing shattered. Men looking down on the battlefield from the hills of Centerville have every movement in plain view. At 12 o'clock the battle is won for the Federals. Bee, Barstow and Evans, who have held the Confederate center, have been beaten back by Burnside, Sykes and Porter. They give way slowly and grudgingly, fighting as they break back, and they are trying to rally, when there is a clatter of bayonets being fixed to muskets, and a thousand men rush forward at the double quick. It is the New York Twenty-seventh, and Colonel Bloome leads it, the first bayonet charge of the war—"Forward! Forward!" And the wedge drives into the Confederate center and rolls the fragments right and left.

The cheering is heard a mile away above the noise of battle. The Federal center moves forward to pursue the shattered enemy, and countless riders away with the news, "We have pierced the Confederate center and won the day!"

Behind the flying Confederates is a plateau of 800 acres, comprising two or three farms. There are two or three farmhouses, orchards, meadows, thickets of pine, barren fields. Here is Stonewall Jackson with 5,000 men in reserve. The fragments of brigades, regiments and companies are hurled back to the slopes of this plateau to be rallied and reformed behind the reserves. Couriers ride away to Beauregard to ask for more artillery, infantry and cavalry, and while the Federals pause to replenish their cartridge boxes and gird up their loins for a last struggle 5,000 fresh Confederates are hurrying forward to the plateau.

Noon becomes 1 o'clock. The skirmishers are at work all along the front of the plateau, but there is no fighting. Another hour slips away. The Federals have waited too long. At noon they could have carried the position with a rush. At 1 o'clock they would have met with stubborn resistance, but victory would have purchased on their banners. Now as the Federals are ready to move the Confederates 5,000 have become 10,000, and their 10 pieces of artillery have become 20.

A majority of the troops are fresh and their nerves unshaken, and all are ready for the grapple.

Thirteen thousand Federals move against the plateau at different points almost as one man, and the battle opens with a great crash. Under General Jackson's immediate orders are five or six regiments. On the right of this line is a Virginia regiment. On the right of that regiment is a company from the Shenandoah valley. They have not been in action yet. As the Federals move up to the attack Rickett's Federal battery, supported by a Minnesota regi-

ment, it was the fight of a mob. It was a mob which went circling round and round the battery long ago disabled by the killing of all its horses. The thirty-eighth New York, followed by a portion of the Fire Zouaves, went forward yelling and cheering, but they came too late to save all the guns. The Confederates held the ground and retained three of the pieces. As Jackson rides forward the company from the Shenandoah valley is dragging one of the captured guns to the rear.

"Who commands this company?" asked the general, looking in vain for a commissioned officer.

The men halted and stared at him, but no one replied.

"Where is your captain? Where are your lieutenants?" he demanded.

"Can't tell 'em, general," answered a private who was bareheaded and coatless. "But the boss we are working under just now is that ar' Yankee with the flag!"

Jackson was about to speak further when an aid delivered an order, and he rode hurriedly away. There is no more fighting on this front. To the right and left the Federals charge again and again, but always to be beaten back. Did they number twice as many they could not dislodge the Confederates from the plateau. Nature made it for the key of a battlefield.

It is 3 o'clock, and the fight still rages fiercely. It is 4 o'clock, and the Federals are still battering at the slopes of the plateau. Half an hour later the volleys of musketry suddenly increase in volume, the artillery rebores its fire, there is wild cheering all along the Confederate front. Johnston's troops have come up from the valley. He throws them into the battle, and the Federals are driven back. The Confederates push forward in pursuit, and the troops who were giving way slowly and retiring in good order suddenly become panic stricken.

An army panic is like unto nothing else in its foolishness, in its madness, in that feeling of terror which makes every coward of brave men for a few hours. In 30 minutes from the first wild shouts of alarm the highways leading back to Centerville were choked with the shattered, disorganized and fleeing Federal commands. Here and there feeble attempts were made to check the terrified mob, but each effort only increased the panic.

What were they fleeing from? Death? If so, almost every man of them had faced death for hours that day without flinching. They faced it now, as terrified men discharged their muskets and threw them into the ditch, as remnants of cavalry commands dashed into the mass, as fieldpieces and limbers and caissons, drawn by horses which seemed to have caught the spirit of fear, turned in from the fields at a mad gallop and rode down every obstruction. Men flee like shadows from a plague, they know from what they flee.

Rushing into the highways, fighting each other as they struggled to reach the van, stumbling, falling, a chill of fear upon every heart, the army which had fought so well and long streamed into the hamlet of Centerville. There was no pursuit. There wasn't a brigade in the Confederate army in condition to pursue, nor was the extent of the Federal disaster known to Confederate officers. Here was a strong position, and here it was that troops who had not been in action were formed across the highway leading to Washington to check the panic stricken thousands. Mounted officers rode into the mob and shouted commands and appeals. The panicking fugitives paused for a moment, but it was not to listen, not to obey, not to feel ashamed of their silly fears. It was to draw a long breath and then dash at the wall of glistening bayonets. The wall, menacing them, the bayonets pointed at their breasts, but with one mighty surge the living wave dissolved the wall, hurled it down, flung the fragments to right and left, and the stream of humanity poured on over the hills and flowed the faster for its temporary check. It could not be checked again until it reached the Potomac.

CHAPTER II.

Let us go back a few weeks and connect the chain of events. The thunder of a hundred guns had been let loose at Charleston, and the south was rushing to arms. One who has not witnessed the beginning of war cannot comprehend the insanity of excitement which accompanies the passage of each fateful day. We of the north were delaying, hoping, trying to make ourselves believe that war would be averted, though no one could tell how. While we were delaying the south was acting. No man in any southern community dared talk of peace. While the north raised regiments the south put brigades into camp and planned a campaign. While the north waited the south possessed itself of fort after fort. The streets of every city echoed the tread of marching men; every village was aroused by the music of the fife and drum. That generation knew nothing of war. Men looked upon the waving flags and rippling banners, the marching volunteers and the holiday attire and said to each other:

"Then this is war? Men who have written of war have deceived us. There is no suffering, no wounded, no dead. Let us also join in the march."

But historians had not deceived them. They were deceiving themselves. The beginning of war is merriment and feast. The end is marked by thousands of marble headstones bearing the single word "Unknown"—those and craps and tears and desolation. It is 4 o'clock in the afternoon of one of those never to be forgotten spring days of 1861, remembered now only by gray haired men and women. The scene is the beautiful Shenandoah valley, the garden spot of the Old Dominion. Under cover of a wooden awning sheltering the front of the old store and postoffice two men are seated at a table borrowed somewhere for the occasion. One of them wears the uniform of a militia captain; the other is in citizen's dress and has a list of names on a paper before him. Hear what the captain is saying to the men crowding up until they stand six or eight deep before him.

"We want 60 more men to fill up this company. Within a week we shall be ordered to the front. We want only young men and good men. Now, then, you all who want to go to war and see some fun put your names down on this paper. You, there, Steve Brayton, step up and sign!"

"How long shall we have to be gone, captain?"

"I reckon on 60 days,"

"Then I'll put down,"

"And I!"

"Say, captain," called a young farmer from the rear rank of the crowd, "can't you make the time 80 days? The old man's feelin' poorly this spring, and

the 60 days is too short for him."

"I reckon on 60 days,"

"Then I'll put down,"

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he can't do no farm work. I'd like to go along with 'em' all, but I can't spare over 30 days. Make it 80 days, and I'll put down."

"I don't like to say 80," replied the captain as he stood up to look over the crowd. "You see, we've got to get there, wherever it is, and then we've got to have a fight or two and march around, and I should reckon on 60 days anyhow. Better come along. You never did have no such chance to see fun in all your life before."

"Want, I reckon 10 or 20 days won't make no great difference anyhow," said the man. And he pushed forward to add his name to the list.

Directly opposite two men sat looking out of a second story window. They were in the law office of Justin Williams, a lifelong citizen of the town and a lawyer of repute. He was a man of 55, but carried his age lightly. The other was a young man of 24, well built and having a plain but kindly face. He was Royal Kenton of Rhode Island, a graduate of law at a prominent university and the junior partner of the law firm of Williams & Kenton. They were uncle and nephew. Kenton had come down about 18 months before. As the relative and partner of a prominent citizen he was treated with courtesy. As a Yankee, fresh from Yankee-land, he was a subject of criticism, and there was little heart in the hospitality accorded him. There could not have been. He represented principles antagonistic to the south. There was no neutral ground in those days. A man represented not himself, but his section of country. The opinions of dissection were considered to be his. A southerner at the north would have been looked upon through the same eyes and held responsible to the same extent. Men liked him as a man, but they detested him as a Yankee.

"Well, I am sorry this trouble has fallen upon the country," said the old lawyer as they watched the crowd opposite. "I have long felt that it must come sooner or later, but I hoped it would not be in my day. Nothing can now prevent war."

"But everybody appears to think it will end almost as soon as begun," replied Kenton.

"They do not stop to reflect," said the lawyer as his face assumed a more serious look. "I am a southerner, and I believe the south has been fully justified in her course, but our people are foolishly underestimating the strength and temper of the north. They will not let us go because we bluster and threaten. If the south secures a separation, it will have to be won on the field of battle. It was to be, and it has come, but it is to be deplored."

"If war comes, business will have to go," observed Kenton as he looked about the office.

"War is here, and our business has already fled," replied Williams. "Martial law will soon be proclaimed, and there will be no more use for judges, jurors and attorneys. I have wanted to ask you for several days what course you mean to pursue. If it was to be a war of 60 days, six months, or even a year, we might make certain plans, but it is to be a long and bloody struggle, and this very valley will be a battlefield. We may as well close our office today as a month hence. Amid such excitement as this there can be no call for our services."

"I am a northern man," said Kenton after a moment's thought.

"Yes, they call you a Yankee."

"I have cared nothing for politics. There is a great principle herein involved, but our greatest statesmen are divided over it. The south seeks independence from a federation which has become unbearable. The north, or at least a goodly portion of it, denies the right of secession. This coming war is the consequence. I stand on neutral ground."

"You are neutral today, but you cannot be 80 days hence," said the old lawyer as a troubled look came into his face. "Do you find any neutral men in that crowd down there? Have you heard any neutral talk among our people? It may not be 10 days before you will be put to the test."

"What test?"

"Of your allegiance to one side or the other. Every young man in our town is hastening to volunteer. I am too old to be taken now, but later on I may be forced into the ranks. It will be a war in which the south will need her last man. I am not pledged to a southern confederacy, but I am pledged to Virginia. I go with my state. You have come down to cast your lot with us. It is for you to answer whether you are for or against your adopted state. Think it over. If you wish to go north, the routes are still open. If you wish to remain, you will be asked why you don't volunteer. I do not seek to influence you. Be guided by your own conscience. Tomorrow we will settle all business matters between us. It may be years before there is any further call for our legal talents in this or any other Virginia town. Military law will soon override everything."

The old lawyer rose up and passed down stairs on his way home without further remark, leaving Royal Kenton in a brown study, which was interrupted 10 minutes later by wild cheering on

the street. He went down to ascertain the cause, and a man who had just volunteered among his list and replied:

"Hooray! We are going to send fellows right on to capture Washington and do Abe Lincoln!"

CHAPTER III.

Night comes, and the streets of the old town grow more quiet. Men have cheered themselves hoarse, and intense excitement has wearied everybody. An even 50 men have signed the roll, and more will come in tomorrow. The recruiting office has been closed by the removal of the table and the departure of the captain. With that officer we have little to do. With the man in citizen's clothes who assisted him we have much. Let me introduce to you as he sits on the veranda of the village inn Duke Wyle, 25 years of age, a bachelor, the only son of ex-Judge Wyle, the nabob of the village and county. The young man has been educated for nothing in particular. He has done nothing in particular since he left college.

"Duke! Oh, Duke's all right," was the reply to any half hearted criticism. "The old man's got plenty of money, and Duke is his heir. Good-bye, that Duke. Likes to hunt and ride and is a little wild, but he'll steady down after a bit. Don't you worry about Duke!"

And when the news of war came Duke found the excitement his nature craved. When the volunteer company was full, he was to be its first lieutenant. He and Royal Kenton were acquaintances, but not friends. In the beginning they had been attracted toward each other, and there was promise of close intimacy. But no two men can love the same woman and be friends—be anything less than enemies. Both were frequent callers at the old mansion standing at the head of the long street, in which resided the widow and daughter of the late Hon. John Percy, one of Virginia's oldest and wisest senators and statesmen. If Marian favored either one, she was interested in any one of her unnumbered callers, no sign of encouragement had been given. Kenton and Wyle were only two out of twenty, and yet it seemed to be a general understanding that she would ultimately favor one or the other.

"Hooray! Hooray! We are going to Washington in less'n 30 days!"

It was the voice of Steve Brayton shouting as he drew near.

"You there, Steve!" called Wyle as the enthusiastic volunteer was swinging his hat and making ready for another cheer.

"What's wanted, lieutenant?"

"Come up here!"

"Doggone my hide, but I want to get down there and have a foot so bad that I can't stand still!" growled Steve as he came along down the veranda. "What's up, lieutenant? Haven't you gone and got word that them ar' Yankees is going to give up without a fight, hey?"

"No. There's no news this evening. Sit down."

"Whoop! I'm powerfully minded to get out by myself and get 'em before the fusillade is all over!" exclaimed Steve as he hesitated to take the chair pushed at him by the other's foot.

"Sit down! You'll get there soon enough without any extra hurry! Say, Steve, do you know there's a Yankee among us—a regular, full fledged Yankee right here in this town?"

(Continued on third page.)

Joy Inexpressible

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Given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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"I cannot praise Hood's Sarsaparilla enough for what it has done for my boy. Some four years ago, when six years old, George was attacked by hip disease in his right leg. We had to get him a pair of crutches, with which he was able to move about, but became badly deformed. We had to have his right leg amputated above the knee. In a few weeks a second one broke out, both legs being free. Amazing pains afflicted him, he could not bear to be moved, his growth was stopped and

he had no appetite, and it was hard work to make him eat enough to keep him alive. A few weeks later we had his hip lanced, and following eight running sores to all. We did all we could for him, but he grew weaker every day, although we had three of the best physicians. As a last resort we were prevailed upon by relatives who had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with beneficial results to give the medicine a trial. We got one bottle about the first of March, 1892, and he had taken the medicine only a few days when his appetite began to improve. When he had taken one bottle he could move about a little with his crutches, which he had not been able to use for the preceding three months. We continued faithfully with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in 6 months he was

able to be dressed

and go about the house without the crutches. He has now taken Hood's Sarsaparilla regularly for eighteen months, and for the past six months has been without the crutches, which he has cast away by several inches. The sores have all healed with the exception of one, which is rapidly closing, only the scars and occasional limp remaining as reminders of his suffering.

Hood's Sarsaparilla in his case has truly done wonders, and he is daily gaining in flesh and good color. He runs about and plays as lively as any child. We feel an inexpressible joy at having our boy restored to health, and we always speak in the highest terms of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. RENEY W. MURPHY, Exeter, New Hampshire.

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THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Changes take place in the medical profession as in all branches of science. We believe the greatest good will follow that generous offer made by Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who invites all persons, far and near, suffering from any form of disease, to write him a description of their complaints, and he will send them, free of charge, a complete explanation of their diseases, with advice how to be cured. He gives most careful and explicit attention to all letters and explains each symptom so carefully that you cannot fail to understand exactly what ails you.

Dr. Greene is our most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He is the discoverer of that famous medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervine, blood and nerve remedy, which is doing such a vast amount of good all over the world. He uses nothing in his practice but harmless vegetable remedies, which can in no manner injure you. The great system of giving consultation and advice through letter correspondence, free of charge, is especially important to the poor and those living at a distance from large cities, as such consultation and advice were formerly attended by great expense. The doctor is having wonderful success in treating the sick through letter correspondence, and if you will write him about your disease he will undoubtedly lead you to your cure.

There is no reason why children should be allowed to suffer from loathsome scrofulous sores and glandular swellings when such a pleasant, effective, and economical medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla may be procured of the nearest druggist. Be sure you get Ayer's.

For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will cure the most obstinate cases. The only nerve medicine for the price in market.

Senator Rice's income is not less than \$30,000 a year, and probably more.

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